



NOTHIN' BUT A GOOD TIME

By Catharrington

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Summary:

Billy Hargrove feels like an idiot. With his hand feeling up Steve Harrington's shapely, muscular chest. Feeling up his bushy chest hair. Feeling the way his heart is working under his skin. An idiot in love, for sure.

"Let me fuck you at the public pool." Billy repeated what he had asked.

Nothin' but a good time

Author's Note:



Posted to tumblr for day one of Harringrove Week of Love! I love having Hopper interact with the boys and I love the comedy of accidentally walking in on some dirty business and them trying to hide it. Hope y'all enjoy!

“That sounds like a bad idea, Bill,” Steve had whispered. His hair making a pretty fan out along Billy’s bed sheets. His face sweaty, sticky, his hair colored black as the moonlight as it shifted around with his movements. His shoulders rolling to get comfortable. His plush, bright red, lips chewing on the lit cigarette between them.

Billy turned so he could see more. See how King Steve, his King Steve, looked as he so gracefully fell from grace. Really, as he so gracefully fell from Billy’s spent cock. Now limp and wet between his legs. Quickly getting colder in the chill of the drafty Hargrove house on Cherry Lane.

No matter what, Billy couldn’t look away. Propped himself up on his elbow even so all he could see was Steve’s gorgeous face. His naked chest. As it moved with each breath.

“Fuck,” he mused out loud. Billy’s wandering eyes, his parted lips gasping for a breath of air, made Steve’s own breathless exhaustion break into a cocky smirk.

“What were we talking about?” Billy chuckled low. Steve rolled his eyes. Sucking on the end of the filter of his smoke so

some ash, some lit cherry sparks, tumbled down to his moonlight-dark chest hair.

Billy didn't hesitate in reaching out his hand not supporting his weight to rub the ash into his skin. Mess up his carpet of curls, feel how damp with sweat fucking Steve left his chest hair. He flexed his fingers, dragging blunt nails through the coarse hair.

It only made Steve's breath catch a little. His smile growing ever wider. "The extremely romantic date night you just asked me on, lover boy?" Steve mutters. Like Billy's an idiot.

He feels like an idiot. With his hand feeling up Steve's shapely, muscular chest. Feeling up his bushy chest hair. Feeling the way his heart is working under his skin. An idiot in love, for sure.

"Let me fuck you at the public pool." Billy repeated what he had asked.

Had asked when Steve was above him, his narrow waist working his whole body in seizing jerks over Billy's cock. His thighs bulging, his head thrown back. Steve was so beautiful. Billy's brain simply didn't work sometimes while he watched.

"It's all I can think about at work," Billy admits at the end. Adds it on like a confession.

Steve's smile falters. His brows pulling down as Billy's voice takes on a much more serious tune. "You're serious?" Steve asks.

"As a heart attack." Billy breathes out.

Steve breaks eye contact. His big browns drifting downwards in consideration. "So, is this some public fetish you have?" He says it so quiet, in a whisper, moving his eyes back to look out from under his dark lashes at Billy. "Or... if you're trying to impress me, baby, know you've already got me. All right?"

Billy's hand stops moving across Steve's chest. He holds onto his shoulder to balance as he climbs across Steve's long legs. Straddling him just like how Steve had. With all the intentions of pinning him down, drinking him up.

“Oh, I got you, huh? Pretty boy?” Billy leans forward so his hair spills out across Steve’s collar bones. They jump up as if to meet his kisses as Steve’s breath hitches.

“Bill,” Steve hisses quietly through clenched teeth. His head, with the still lit smoke, moving back as he tries to keep Billy’s hair from catching on fire.

Billy settles on looking up at him, pressing his chin into Steve’s muscular pec. Watching as Steve’s throat works on keeping back his moans. As his hand plucks the smoke away then knocks into the headboard absentmindedly.

“I know I got you, Stevie. And you know you’ve got me. For as long as you’ll keep me. But,” Billy paused to lick across his bottom lip. Could taste sweat, and ash, and Steve. Like a campfire roaring with life in the middle of the cold, dark woods. “Can’t a guy have a little fun?”

“You drive me crazy...,” Steve whispered out. Tilting his head to the side just so, just so his black hair moved with it like fine silk, just so his cheek squished up against his shoulder, just so he could see Billy looking up at him.

“So that’s a yes?” Billy didn’t wait for a reply. He dipped down, capturing a nipple in his mouth. Then reached down between them and fisted both their wet, soft cocks together.

Steve’s eyes fluttered closed so beautifully. His lips making a silent moan and a perfect ‘o’ shape. His knuckles rapping on the headboard as his cigarette burned forgotten. Ash dropping into his messy head of black hair.

Billy takes that as an agreement. Just as he takes two more whispered orgasms from Steve before the boy climbs out his window at 3 in the morning.

Next week, finds Billy with a closing shift. The clouds above the Hawkins Community Pool rolling in pink and yellow with the falling sun.

Steve stands by his red car. Legs crossed and arms crossed. The clouds reflected a shade darker on his mirror sunglasses. Billy licks his lips as he comes out from the employees only offices. Finished with his check list of closing requirements. All he has to do is go home now.

Instead, he watches Steve. Spins the keys on his fingers a couple times before he works open the padlock keeping the pool closed after hours.

Steve walks through with those damn, long legs in a pretty pair of pastel swim shorts. A towel slung over his shoulder. The matching pastel stripes blocking Billy's view of the cropped shirt showing off Steve's lean stomach.

As he goes past, Billy slaps his ass.

Steve turns around with a half shocked grin, his hand shooting up to catch Billy around the throat. But he only pulls him in for a soft peck on the lips before brushing past. Throwing a middle finger over his shoulder for good measure.

Billy whistles low. Locks the chain link gates back up with his red shorts now much, much more tight around his thighs.

They take a seat on a couple chairs right in the middle. Right next to the ladder of the pool. Steve throws his towel down before lounging across a chair. He uses those long fingers to snatch off his glasses as he looks around.

The pool water wavers like a molten silver mirror. Without splashing children or exercising Moms, it sways only with the light wind. Letting itself reflect back a perfect image of the watercolor sunset finishing above them. The sky darkening again so that it could cast Steve in his best lighting. Making his skin more pale, just like his pastel shorts. And his chocolate colored hair loses that brightness, it changes to silky smooth black.

Steve's eyes get darker too, two vinyl records cut from the star studded moonlit sky. Their music vibrates Billy's skin every time he sees them.

Billy drops down in the chair behind Steve. His leg folded up on one side and his body bigger, made of all bulky muscle, so Steve grumbles as he's forced to lean forward.

But then Billy's hands are coming up around his hips. Wide palms still hot from the blazing sunlight of the day circling around Steve's swim trunk waistband. Billy pushes his fingers up to lay out on the space so generously left exposed from Steve's crop top. Pulling him backwards by the softest part of his belly so he's burrowing his nose into the back of that perfect head of hair.

"This is breaking and entering," Steve mutters darkly. One hand laying over Billy's, the other lifting to find that mess of honey blond curls.

"Humm," Billy presses a kiss into the nape of Steve's neck, "how is it breaking if I got the damn key, Stevie?"

He can feel it in his stomach as Steve rolls out a filthy moan. He's letting himself be louder, much louder, than they ever could be at Cherry Lane.

Billy circles his arms around Steve's waist completely. Yanking him backwards with a jerk so that he can angle up his hips. So that Steve can feel the way his cock is already proud and hard inside his red shorts.

Presses the shaft of it right between Steve's ass, rocking him back down by his grip around his waist so he has no choice but to feel it.

Steve lets out another filthy moan, lets his head fall back on Billy's shoulder as if it took all his strength to do so.

"Wanna fuck you so bad, baby," Billy started rambling. His brain shutting off all its gates and locks as soon as it heard that moan. "Looked so damn hot waitin' for me. Such a good boy showin' up just how I asked."

Steve shivered as Billy's words left a hot trail of breath up his cheek bones. He arched his back, moving so his ass pushed into Billy's trapped cock. "Then why don't you show me how to swim,

lifeguard?" He asked, voice sultry and teasing. Perfect in every damn way.

Steve leaned forward in the chair to give himself just enough space to grip the bottom of his crop top and pull it off. His hair bounced as he wiggled, shifting his shoulders out the fabric, then letting it drop to the wet tile under them.

Like a magnet, like a force he couldn't control, Billy's hands reached up for that bare chest. Getting two handfuls of Steve's pecs just to squeeze them hard as he can.

Billy muffled his own moans at being able to touch his boyfriend again by placing wet, open kisses up Steve's neck. "What did I do to deserve you?" Billy kissed the question.

Kissing so hard his teeth scrapped, abusing Steve's sensitive and pale throat.

Steve let himself enjoy the attention. Arches his back so his chest went up to meet Billy's hands. But only for a moment, until he reached up to catch Billy's jaw mid kiss. He pulls Billy's plump, cherry red lips towards him. Not to kiss— just to mutter close enough to touch.

"Nothing yet," he whispered.

Then Steve stood up from the chair. Putting his hands on his hips as he looked down with a cocky grin as Billy lays out across his chair. Hard in his shorts, flushed red down to his neck. An annoyed grimace on his face.

Steve took a few timid steps backwards as if he feared Billy could leap from the chair like an angry mountain lion chasing his food. When Steve reached the ladder he had to turn to follow the curve of the metal handles.

"Let's get this over with, okay? I really don't want to be caught in public." Steve said as he lowered down into the water.

Billy rolled his eyes. But stood up and followed. Not by the ladder, but by dropping down to his ass on the side of the pool and letting

his feet dangle over. "Sure, whatever you say your majesty," he spoke with his arms, bowing at the waist slightly to show he was all Steve's to command.

"Yeah, Bill," Steve splashed towards him, loving way too much how it made Billy's fluffy hair limp. "Some people don't get off to getting caught, or being a total jerk!"

Jumping off the side of the pool, Billy got Steve back with his own large splash. When he surfaced, he squirted water out his mouth. Steve grimaced deep, scrubbing at his face as it got all over his cheek.

While Steve was furiously wiping the spit from his cheek, he didn't notice the way Billy pushed him up toward the wall until his hair was flat against it.

"Bill," he gasped out. Droplets of water falling from his lips. Hands were wandering over his ass under the water already.

"You really know me so well, pretty boy, it's so damn cute," Billy groans out.

"That was an insult!" Steve defends himself weakly.

"Yeah, baby," Billy growls, his mouth finds Steve's neck again with hard kisses, "and you know insulting me gets me off too."

Steve's voice is cracking, his brows furrowed together. Those big hands have dropped down to cup his whole ass under the water. And for some reason they feel heavier, warmer, than they ever have before.

"No, ahhh—," his words cut off with a throaty moan. "Asshole," He croaks out before finally letting his head drop backwards. Letting Billy have all the access to his neck and chest he could ever want.

Billy lifts Steve's legs by the back of his thighs to wrap around his waist. Pushing and pulling Steve's weight, that's now all soft and marshmallow, under the water until their cocks are kissing. Rubbing their shafts together, making their shorts bunch up around their hips and strain with the grown lengths.

Laying his head back, letting his damp hair spread out on the tile of

the side of the pool, Steve wasn't quiet in his moans. His mouth hung open with his noises and hitching breaths.

His hands braced onto Billy's shoulders as the blonde moved down to catch Steve's nipples in his kisses. Sucking one flower petal colored peak into his mouth. Rolling it between his front teeth before caressing it with a gentle kiss.

Steve tasted like expensive cologne and the same damn chlorine pool water Billy's been swimming in all day long. He was warm, hot to the touch, and firm under his hands.

Billy went between Steve's nipples, lapping at each one like a starving man. Digging his fingers into the back of Steve's thighs like he wishes he could grip at his chest. He made up for the lack of touching with a hard bite, followed by a soft kiss.

The ministrations made Steve's throat wrecked. His breaths more messy moans and groans than anything.

Billy lifted him up farther along the wall, until Steve could lift his arms and use his elbows to keep him up on the slippery when wet tiles. Billy gripped Steve's legs tightly to his ribs as he moved down, down to where the water licked around Steve's mole dotted skin.

"Hold yourself up, pretty boy," Billy ordered. Keeping one hand on the back of his thighs while the other moves him around by the hips. He watches as Steve shifts around to get comfortable on his elbows.

"Yeah," Billy growls out, feeling feral as he looks upwards to Steve's already sex flushed face. "Just like that. Perfect."

Steve has enough sass left in him to roll his eyes. It makes Billy smile as he gets to work tugging down Steve's swim shorts just enough to let his cock free. The curvy pink head and velvet shaft come free with a wet slap to Steve's stomach. He can only get the shorts down mid thigh, but that's enough for Billy.

Soft, little kitten licks are all he gives at first. Lapping at the chlorine flavor until he can taste the pearls of pre-cum off the tip. But Billy doesn't like nice, or slow. And he can all but hear Steve's blunt nails

scratching across the tiles in the empty community pool in desperation. So he makes quick work of swallowing down Steve until he hits the back of his tongue.

“Oh, Bill! Oh!” Steve’s breath hikes. Threatens to give out on him. And his shoulders jump up as if to close himself off from the pleasure of being blown in a cool pool on a hot summer day.

He catches his breath in short gasping jerks. Billy can feel the way his legs tighten, even, around his ribs. So he steadies out his maddening pace, bobbing shallowly up and down the mid-length of Steve’s cock. Setting a rhythm to match his breath to.

Steve lays back so his head is flat on the tile. His eyes flutter closed as he enjoys the way Billy’s wet mouth works over his cock.

And Billy’s enjoying himself too, so damn much. His own legs tense as he holds up Steve’s weight. Still heavy even with the assist of the water making him float. Making Billy’s muscles bulge and grow hot even with the water up around his shoulders.

Each time he bobbed his head down to swallow Steve’s cock his chin touched the water. All around them the only noises he could hear was splashing, and the breathless and pretty as hell moans coming out of Steve’s mouth.

He stole one more glance up at Steve, one more lingering look up at that flexing Adam’s apple, before he dropped his head down under the water.

—

Steve lays so his head is completely thrown back, his chest heaving with the last of his air, as he feels Billy take him deep to the root of his cock. His shoulders give a weak little jerk as he tries not to come immediately. Eyes fluttering in the way he wants to close them and savor the moment, but he doesn’t want to stop looking around and remembering just where they are.

It's then, as he's letting his eyes wander the empty pool recliners around them. Usually bustling and filled with people. When he notices it. A yellow light flicking through the chain link fence.

Steve blinks a bit. Watching as the light sweeps across the water. But it's when he hears their splashing and sex noises get drowned out by the clanking of the locked fence again, does Steve realize.

His hand moves to try and cup Billy's hair. To pull him up from where he was jerking his cock so perfectly. The water took all the friction away so he could feel only Billy's plump lips and eager tongue perfectly wet and warm against him. Steve didn't truly want to stop.

And neither did Billy. He lifted for a second only to shoot a disgustingly handsome grin, suck in a breath, and go down under again.

Now, he was nuzzling Steve's cock with his nose. His perfect, cute, round nose Steve loved to give him shit for. It pressed just on the side of his cock, while Billy's mouth toyed with the sensitive skin of his balls. His tongue pulling in as much as he can take, sucking like he's proving a point.

Steve could only tighten his grip on Billy's messy hair as he rolled his head backwards again.

Looking up, he can see how the gate now stands open, and the light is still surveying. It's only a matter of time before—

“Stop right there!”

A booming voice broke into their perfect little moment. Accompanied by shuffling work boots as the flash light came closer. “After hours, this is trespassing!”

Steve lifted his one hand in the air, surrendering at the madness of the situation. He had to gulp down some chlorine scented air before he had enough in his lungs to reply with a meek, “Howdy, Hop!”

“What?” The voice loses some of its boom, but Chief of Police Jim Hoppers always has a loud voice. At least when he's scolding Steve

for something. "Harrington? What the hell are you doing here?"

The flashlight drops from Steve's face so now he can see the Chief in all his bristling, uniformed glory. Thankfully, he had stopped a good few feet away. So maybe he hasn't seen Billy.

"Not what it looks like," he exhales.

"Of course not...", Hopper shuffles around as if holstering something. He had taken his gun out to search the pool, that's just fantastic.

"Seriously," Steve's voice catches with a breathy moan before he can stop it. Just for a second. He covers it with a wave of his hand before continuing. "Seriously! I'm here with Hargrove so he works here, he's got a key— s-so it's not a crime, right?"

"Figured as much," Hopper grumbles, "Where is that bad influence?"

Steve whispers out a short prayer to God for that question. And then, as if Billy knows exactly that he's being talked about, he moves his sinful tongue back up to swallow Steve's cock to the root.

Steve has to control his breath more than he ever has. His body is edging hard, wanting to cum down Billy's throat as it works over his sensitive head so perfectly. So warm and wet, and so dangerous. If he came now, if he made a sound like he did, they would be caught. It sends crackling electricity up and down his body at the thought of it.

His fingers pull at Billy's hair mean-like, trying to punish him. And he manages to push down the way he wants to absolutely and messily beg for the boy to continue.

"He's getting his towel from the lockers. Should be out soon." He turns over his shoulder with an innocent smile. Steve is surprised at his own voice, surprised he can talk at all with Billy's throat milking his cock so hard.

"Getting a towel," Hopper mused. Turning to look at the doors for the locker rooms.

Steve took that second to let out a silent moan. Parting his lips widely as if to scream in the way he wanted. In the way he will, as soon as

Hopper leaves. If he even lasts that long.

“That’s all?” Hopper snaps, turning back to glare at Steve.

And Steve just barely covers his moan with biting down on his lips. Sucking them in and scraping his teeth against them as a mild distraction. “Yeah, yeah,” he laughs out. “Sure, Hop—,”

“You two boys better not be drinking!”

“Drinking?” Steve manages to hide a groan brought on by a particularly hard suck inside that word, dragging it out as if he can’t believe it. And he can’t. He can’t believe he’s trying to lie to Chief Hopper while getting blown.

“Geez, Hop, we’re not drinking okay? Just swimming!” He pleads.

“Just swimming?” Hopper’s glare has softened. His brow that was constantly up and suspicious lowered to a more fond exasperation.

“S-Sure.” Steve nods desperately.

“I come back in an hour, I won’t find two dumb teenagers floating belly up?” Hopper cracks a smile. Oh good, he’s joking. He must believe him, and that must mean he’s close to leaving.

Steve rolls his eyes, matching the laugh with a forced one. “Don’t be so ancient, man, holy shit.”

Hopper dips his head as if offended at the language. Steve tries to crack another good natured laugh but a moan almost slips out, so he claps his hand over his mouth. Hopefully, it comes off as comedy. Not as him trying to power through Billy trying really hard to make him cum right now.

A second ticks by of silence. Hopper narrowing his eyes at Steve, while he looks back with every ounce of pleading puppy-dog eyes he can muster. And Steve’s been told his puppy-dog eyes can be pretty powerful.

“No drinking?” Hopper asks.

Steve shakes his head profusely. His hand still covering his mouth.

“You two are gone in an hour?”

Steve nods, his hair messily falling around his forehead shakes with it.

“Jesus Christ,” Hopper rolls his eyes and moves his whole body with it. Turning around in a very interesting show of self battling. “Fine. You two don’t cause any more trouble,” he grumbled out as he turned to walk away.

“Thanks, Hop!” Steve yelled after him. Throwing out a weak, quivering thumbs up as Hopper waves over his shoulder.

As soon as he gets out the gate, Steve drops his head down and lets out a long, whimpering moan. His hand on Billy’s head pulling hard on those wet, golden curls, as he thrusts back up into Billy’s mouth.

It only takes a couple. A few deep, hard, thrusts that punch his cock head into the back of Billy’s throat, before Steve’s cumming hard.

He keeps his hands on Billy’s hair so he has to stay down, stay under the shifting waters of the pool, and swallow his whole load. Steve feels it makes up for the torture of talking to Hopper. It also feels just so damn good.

His grip on Billy’s hair lets go when he starts wiggling around. He comes up from the water with his mouth open already trying to suck down a desperate breath. Billy’s lips are swollen, huge and cherry red. Like a lollipop. Like his damn sexy uniform swim shorts.

Steve growls from deep in his chest as soon as he sees Billy’s smug ass face.

“Damn, when I told you I wanted to drown in you, Stevie, I meant your pretty eyes. Not your big dick—,”

“I hate you,” Steve muttered darkly.

“And fuck, baby, how you kept your cool with that pig? That was really fuckin’ hot—,”

"I hate you," Steve repeated. His hand petting through Billy's hair didn't match the hate in voice at all, and he was fine with that.

"Shucks," Billy drawls out, his grin going up on one side. Turning into a lopsided smile. A real smile. Steve's heart fluttered around inside his chest. "Keep showing off like this, you're going to make a guy fall in love!"

Steve cracked his mean mug with a cloud-soft laugh, his eyes crinkling around the edges with it. He couldn't stay mad, not even when he's trying.

He pulls Billy down by a fistful of hair into a blistering kiss. Without shutting him up, Steve might start confessing shit Billy wasn't ready for.

Not yet, at least. Maybe a couple more sunset swims and he'll be ready.